

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 4. NO. 20

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 176

IS VEXING PROBLEM

Distribution of Public Documents
Big Job for Bureaus.

Government Is Spending Millions of Dollars for Popular Dissemination of Information Through Medium of Printer's Ink.

Washington.—How to insure promptness in the distribution of publications continues to be a vexing problem in many bureaus of the various branches of the government, particularly of the departments of agriculture, commerce, interior and labor; these are the departments which publish the greatest number of printed documents for which there is a popular demand. The government is spending millions of dollars on printed bulletins for popular distribution each year, the fund for the dissemination of information through the medium of printer's ink in the department of agriculture alone amounting to more than \$1,000,000.

At the present time all bulletins are sent out by the superintendent of documents of the government printing office. This official's task would be easy and his service most satisfactory if his work were restricted to the sending out of bulletins to large mailing lists, but, according to the law passed by the last congress, he has to take care of all miscellaneous distribution, and all mail requests for bulletins of any kind must be filled by the government printing office.

The object of this law was efficiency and economy, but chiefs of various bureaus believe that it entails more expense in the end than the original system of direct distribution. When congress made the law, which has been in operation about one year, it did so on the information that at the time bulletins were carted from the government printing office to the individual bureaus and thence mailed out over the country. Because of the fact that the government printing office is near the Union station it was figured that a saving in transportation could be effected if the bureaus would refer their requests for bulletins to the superintendent of documents and



Director Harris of Census Bureau.

he should mail them direct to the applicants. The theory of the practice which was outlined and on which the law governing the present method of distribution is based was good, but its working out has proved defective in many instances.

Director William J. Harris of the bureau of the census had his attention called to defects in the present method a few weeks after coming into office. A correspondent wrote to Director Harris requesting that a summary of the latest agricultural statistics be mailed him. A form letter was written in the census office to the applicant for information, saying that the request had been referred to the superintendent of documents, and that the bulletin containing the statistics would be mailed from the government printing office. The information was wanted in a hurry; the correspondent waited five days, then wrote to the superintendent of documents stating that Director Harris had written saying that the bulletin would be mailed from the printing office. A polite request was made of the superintendent of documents to hurry the information, as the time for completing the article in which the statistics were to be included was growing very short. The superintendent of documents then sent a form post card to the correspondent, saying that his letter had been referred to the director of the census. The correspondent, whose patience was almost worn out by this time, having expected the information in one or two days at the most after his original request was made, brought the matter to the attention of Director Harris, who was surprised that the red tape created by the present law makes prompt distribution of public documents almost impossible, providing the request for them comes by mail. On personal application a document will be furnished immediately, but only those people living in Washington can have the benefit of this prompt service.

Hundreds of cases similar to the one which has just been outlined occur every month in the departments, and, according to chiefs of bureaus, it is

becoming harder and harder to disseminate the vast amount of information which Uncle Sam is spending millions of dollars to gather.

AMERICAN WOODS GO TO ORIENT

Recent statistics indicate a marked increase in exports of lumber from the United States to the Orient. More than a quarter of a million feet of American woods are reported as being used in Samoa, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

Heretofore, it is said, raw materials have been made up into finished articles in the United States, almost without exception, and exported as such. With the discovery by American manufacturers in the Philippines that they could import United States woods and make them up with profit there, wood-using factories were built. Pacific coast woods, in consequence, are in many cases taking the place of the native woods with such picturesque names as apitong, teak, narra, and yacal.

Douglas fir, according to the information collected by the forest service, is the principal wood exported from this country. It is said to be the favorite wood among insular manufacturers for flooring, ceiling, siding, cornice, shiplap, finish, and boat work. Makers of furniture demand California redwood and sugar pine, southern quarter-sawed oak, eastern ash, sugar maple, and western white pine.

Four woods, principally conifers and oaks, go into the construction of boats; for framing parts, masts, spars, interior trim, planting, boat crooks and tiller handles. Meat blocks are made from sugar maple, which with sycamore supplies the entire demand in the United States. Wagon felloes are made of white oak, and other parts of vehicles are manufactured from high grades of white ash and white oak.

HE CAME BACK.

Representative Ben Johnson, chairman of the District of Columbia committee of the house, was aroused from sleep at three o'clock the other morning by the ringing of the electric door bell. Being alone in the house, Mr. Johnson had to answer. Poking his head out of a second story window, he asked:

"What is it?"

"A telegram," came the plaintive cry of a messenger boy.

"Read it," said the congressman.

The telegram was from a constituent asking Mr. Johnson who is going to be recommended for postmaster at Penninghasset, where the present incumbent has 18 more months to serve.

"Take it back to the office; I can't come down for it."

Mr. Johnson returned to his bed and went to sleep. About five o'clock the bell rang again.

"What is it?" he shouted.

"You didn't sign for the telegram," said the boy.

What Mr. Johnson said would not do to print.

DANIELS RIDES IN COAL TRUCK.

There was some mistake in placing an order for a cab to take Secretary Josephus Daniels of the navy department to hear President Wilson deliver his message on Mexico to congress. At ten minutes before time for the message no taxicab appeared.

Mr. Daniels and his secretary, Howard A. Banks, stood on Pennsylvania avenue waiting. It was too late to take a street car. Two minutes later Secretary Daniels and Mr. Banks, seated by the driver, were going up Pennsylvania avenue as fast as the big truck used to haul coal for the navy department. Mr. Daniels, seeing U. S. N. on the truck, hailed the driver, jumped in, and told him to "beat it" for the capitol.

"I am the secretary of the navy, and have authority to press any of our vehicles into service," was the order the driver got.

NEW POSTMASTER LIST BIG.

In the 176 days, including Sundays and holidays, since postmaster General Burleson assumed the duties of his office, he, among other things, has appointed 5,765 postmasters. This makes his average something over 32 a day. Of the total number, 2,003 were presidential postmasters, who receive in excess of \$1,000 a year salary, and whose appointment must be confirmed by the senate. The remainder, 3,562, are postmasters of the fourth class, named either as a result of civil service examinations or post office investigations or post office inspections.

First Assistant Roper the other day reported to Mr. Burleson that the appointment work was up to date, all cases having been settled in which the department has the necessary data upon which to base affirmative action.

FOUR BILLION CARDS.

Four billion postal cards will be required by the post office department during the next four years, and Postmaster General Burleson recently asked for sealed proposals for furnishing that number. The contract now is held by the government printing office, but previously was executed by a private printing concern.

The post office department supplies

S. M. R. HURT TO THE VOTERS OF MORGAN COUNTY:

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I hereby wish to thank you for your loyal and hearty support in the August primary election; and, also would impress upon your minds the fact that the November election is near at hand. There is a deluge of all kinds of election lies going the rounds against me—lies for political purposes, as usual. Look into, investigate carefully, my character and qualifications, and, if I am the right man for County Attorney, vote for me. I have lived in your midst as a citizen of Morgan county for nearly five years, and expect to spend the rest of my days in old Morgan, the home of my choice.

Very truly,
S. M. R. HURT.

PROGRAMME TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION STACY FORK SCHOOL HOUSE

FRIDAY, NOV. 7, 1913

Educational Division No. 3.

Welcome Address
Educational Progress
Relation of Teacher to Parent
Reading
Geography (Method of teaching primary)
History (Chief aim in teaching)
Arithmetic (Method of teaching to beginners)
Language (How to teach in 3d grade)
Writing (Method of teaching)
Method of teaching Civil Government
Elocution
Spelling (How assign, study and recite)
Necessity of System in School
Purpose of Nature Study in School
Recitation
How study the health conditions of the community and show what the school may do to improve them
How may the school aid in stamping out typhoid
Value of studying Grammar in Public Schools

Wheeler Ratliff
John M. Lykins
H. F. Bays
Cortes Stacy
Roland Stacy
Archie Lacy
L. B. Wells
Rafis Blankenship
Asa M. Lykins
Morton Cisco
Edna Ward
Vada Lacy
Mitchell Carter
Jane Vance
Blanche Cottle
W. C. Dehaven
H. L. Lacy
Pearl Gullett

Dinner on the ground and everybody invited. Instrumental music by experts.

John M. Lykins, V. P.
Morton Cisco, Sec.

H. F. Bays, L. B. Wells, Committee.

J. DUDLEY LYKINS,

Of West Liberty, Announces for
Circuit Court Clerk.

To My Many Friends of Morgan County:

I take this method of announcing that if I live and nothing unforeseen prevents me from doing so, I intend to make the race next time for the office of Clerk of the Morgan Circuit Court. I do this after I have been solicited to do so by a goodly number of the very best citizens of the county.

So don't let this false report get you in the habit of trading elsewhere, but come right on where you can get the most for the least money.

Yours for further business,
174-tf AUTY MCCLAIN.

Advertisement for Bids.

I will on Saturday, November 8, at Ezel, Ky., receive competitive bids for the building of approach to the bridge across Backwater creek, near Ezel.

Bids must be sealed and handed to me not later than 12 o'clock, noon, on that day, after which the bids will be opened and the contract let. I will make the specifications known on that day. I reserve the right to reject any bid which I consider undesirable.

The person, or persons, to whom the contract is awarded will be required to execute bond for the faithful performance of the contract.

With the best and kindest regards for one and all, I am

Very respectfully yours,

173-4 J. DUDLEY LYKINS.

A Correction.

The deal by which I intended to sell my business did not go through, and I will continue in business at the same old stand with a complete stock of groceries, hardware, etc.

HENRY COLE.

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

After taking Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets children ask for "more candy."

School Notes.

By Arnold H. Webb.

Six weeks of the West Liberty High School have passed and under the skillful management of the Principal, H. C. Wilson, and with the faithful efforts of all the teachers, the school seems to be getting better all the time. Between teachers and principal is perfect harmony and good will. All parties are willing to do his or her utmost to make the school a success. We consider it to be a duty and a pleasure to sacrifice our own good comforts and feelings if the good of the school demands it. With this co-operation I do not see why this should not be the most successful year of the school. We are raising the standard of promotion and watching the doors out of which the graduates go as we have never done before. Efficiency is our motto, and to help the boys and girls is our aim, and if parents will come up with their end of the line great things will be done for the future citizens.

5. That we as teachers hereby resolve that, so far as lies within our power, to enforce the present compulsory school law, and that we recommend to the next General Assembly that it be so amended as to give it efficiency, and so as to include all pupil children between the ages of 7 and 16 years, both inclusive. That we, as a body of teachers, demand of our present and incoming county officials that the compulsory school law be strictly enforced.

6. That we recommend to the incoming Superintendent the consolidation of schools as far as possible and practicable, and provision for the necessary transportation of the pupils to and from the schools.

7. We recommend that the next General Assembly amend section 4501 of the Kentucky Statutes (Carroll's Edition of 1909) with reference to county certificates so that the qualifications requisite for a first-class certificate shall be equivalent to a two years course in an approved High School, and that the second- and third-class certificates be abolished.

8. That the LICKING VALLEY COURIER be furnished with a copy of these resolutions with request that it publish the same; and that the secretary of this institute furnish a copy of these resolutions to the Educational Committee of the next General Assembly of Kentucky.

A. N. Cisco, C. E. Clark, Bernard Whitt, H. F. Bays, J. M. Lykins, J. M. Perry, Committee on Resolutions.

"Bull Moose" Writes.

Davenport, Okla., Oct. 3, 1913.
Capt. H. G. Cottle,
West Liberty, Ky.

My Dear Captain:—This is Saturday and I am at leisure, with time dragging heavily on my hands, it is too wet and the rain is falling too fast for me to go to Deep Fork to shoot ducks, as a bunch of us had planned to do, and I must take my spite out on some one, so here goes for a little talk with you.

I have been here long enough to become "initiated" into the varied manners and customs of the "Boomers," and to know something of their likes and dislikes, and I find it here as in many other places—merit only counts.

If one attends to his own affairs and tries to make good in whatever calling that is respectable, this people readily lends him the glad and helping hand. We have been teaching exactly one month, and the patrons seem as well pleased with our effort as in any place we ever pitched our tent before. No one is knocking, but every one is pushing, and we find it a pleasure to teach here. Our school house is a large seven room brick, two stories high, with an excellent auditorium with a two-foot-high stage, finished in real workmanlike style, the whole costing \$10,000.00. In addition to the other seven rooms it has a small one for the principal's office where "yours truly" holds undisputed sway.

The school had been trying to run a four year's High School course, but it was not satisfactory, for the teaching force did not warrant the required work for a four year's course. I took the matter up with the local board and caused them to see that a shorter course would be better than the old arrangement, for the reason that we could do the short course well, while the four year's work was impossible with only four teachers. The local board very readily saw the wisdom of my argument, and con-

4. That we extend our sincere thanks and gratitude to the people of West Liberty for their kindness and hospitality shown us during this week of the institute.

The person, or persons, to whom the contract is awarded will be required to execute bond for the faithful performance of the contract.

W. B. ALLEN,
176-tf Road Engineer.

RESOLUTIONS

Be it Resolved by the Teachers of Morgan county, in Institute Assembled:

1. That we extend our sincere thanks and gratitude to the people of West Liberty for their kindness and hospitality shown us during this week of the institute.

2. That we as teachers heartily appreciate and endorse the work and efforts of Superintendent T. N. Barker, in the administration of his duties as Superintendent of the public schools.

3. That we extend to Bernard Whitt, our secretary, and to Mrs. Hattie Moore, our musician, our sincere thanks for the repetitive services performed by each during this week of the institute.

4. That we enthusiastically appreciate the work of Prof. R. S. Eubank in conducting this institute, and we hereby resolve to do our best to support him. We apply his suggestions and plan sent to us for the matter of teaching in our respective up with the State Superintendent schools. And further, we now ent and the County Superintend-

ent and work out a course of study that we could get credit in the State Normal Schools for without examination. The result was that I went to Oklahoma City and had a conference with the State Superintendent, R. H. Wilson—a former Kentuckian—and we reviewed the matter and came to the conclusion that a well done two year's course was all this faculty could do, and Superintendent Wilson advised me to take the matter up with our County Superintendent, P. G. Rawdon, and work out a course in accordance with the State School course. I then went to Chandler, the county seat, and had a talk with Supt. Rawdon resulting in the arranging of a two year's High School course which we are working out now to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

6. That we recommend to the incoming Superintendent the consolidation of schools as far as possible and practicable, and provision for the necessary transportation of the pupils to and from the schools.

7. We recommend that the next General Assembly amend section 4501 of the Kentucky Statutes (Carroll's Edition of 1909) with reference to county certificates so that the qualifications requisite for a first-class certificate shall be equivalent to a two years course in an approved High School, and that the second- and third-class certificates be abolished.

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A. N. Cisco, C. E. Clark, Bernard Whitt, H. F. Bays, J. M. Lykins, J. M. Perry, Committee on Resolutions.

Now, I guess I have told you about all you want to hear from me just now, unless there is some money in it, so here goes on that score.

You remember my promise that I would want you to do some printing for me when I got things going here, and you said I would forget it. Now see if I have. I want five hundred letter heads, with envelopes, with my card on both letter heads and envelopes. I want a duplicate of the printing on this letter head with the change from West Liberty High School to Davenport High School. I am enclosing herewith a slip of paper on which I have offered a suggestion style but, I know you understand better what it should be when I give you the skeleton, and I leave the "weatherboarding" for you to do as you think best. Make me a good, decent letter head, script type on the letter heads and print type on the envelopes.

Now, if I ever hear from you I am pretty apt to write again, but if

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

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Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March
3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.



Democratic Ticket.

For State Senator,
CHAS. D. ARNETT.
For Representative,
E. F. CECIL.
For County Judge,
S. S. DENNIS.
For County Attorney,
S. M. R. HURT.
For County Court Clerk,
REN F. NICKELL.
For County Superintendent,
JAMES W. DAVIS.
For Sheriff,
L. A. LYKINS.
For Jailer,
H. C. COMBS.
For Assessor,
A. O. PEYTON.
For Surveyor,
M. P. TURNER.
For Coroner,
OLIE B. NICKELL.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
1st district—James R. Day,
2nd district—J. M. Carpenter,
3rd district—J. M. Gividen,
4th district—B. F. Blanton,
5th district—W. C. Taubee,
6th district—T. S. McGuire,
7th district—D. M. Cox,
8th district—A. J. Fratey.
CONSTABLES.
2nd district—Martin Mannin,
5th district—W. E. Bentley,
6th district—W. J. Griffitts,
7th district—W. G. Wolfenbarger,
8th district—Bruce Perry.

Down with the vote seller.
Give us clean elections.

How about the good roads
days? Are the people going to
take an interest and join hands
in fighting the "mud-demon?"
The heaviest tax the people of
Morgan county pay is the mud
tax.

A man who will deliberately
sell his vote, receive therefor a
stipulation in dollars and cents,
will for a sufficient sum of money
apply the torch to your dwelling,
barn or store; he can be bribed
to poison your stock or even your
family; for dollars and cents he
will bear false witness against
you and swear your life or your
liberty away. The vote seller is a
dangerous person who ought
not be allowed to exercise the
right of suffrage. If a man (?)
barters his sacred right of suffrage
he ought to be fined heavily,
sent to jail and disfranchised
forever. The elective franchise
is too sacred a thing to be bought
and sold. A purchased vote
goes as far and counts as much
toward the election of a candidate
as an incorruptible vote. So long
as men can buy their
way into office that long will we
be misgoverned. The fullest
penalties of the law should be
meted out to both seller and
buyer.

FREE ADVERTISING.

"We wish to call special attention
to our Magazine Section in
this issue of the Herald. As one
enthusiastic reader of the Herald
remarked: 'It alone is worth
the price you charge for the paper,
and I don't see how you do it.' Well, we do it, and we are
glad that we can.

There are number of good
stories in the Magazine, besides
a department devoted entirely to
the latest fashions for women.
This feature of the Magazine is
becoming more and more popular
with our lady readers.—Hazard
Herald."

Considering all things, neither

do we see how the Herald can afford to send out the magazine section. The COURIER fell for that scheme about two years ago. The magazine was furnished to us absolutely free, but one day we figured up the amount of advertising it carried and found that, at our rates, we were giving away more than one hundred dollars a month in advertising space. "We dropped the magazine section "instantly." The "free" things offered the country newspaper usually have a "joker" in them that calls for more outlay in space than the article is worth. And because the country publishers fall so easily for these schemes it is hard to sell space to legitimate advertisers.

HEAR AND HEED.

Below you will find a warning from the Game and Fish Warden of Morgan county, which is both timely and good. The reckless, almost wanton, destruction of fish and game in Kentucky has depleted our fields, forests and streams to the extent that the sport to be had is no longer worth while. Time was when game was plentiful and fish were to be had for the taking. That time is no more, but if the officers, whose duty it is to see that the law is enforced, are diligent in the discharge of their duty that time will come again.

If every good citizen will aid the wardens in running down the violators of the laws and furnish willingly and freely any information they may possess that will lead to arrest and conviction, we may yet live to see the day when Kentucky will again furnish true sport for the true sportsman.

The COURIER suggests that the Wardens organize, or cause to be organized, fish and game protection clubs in all parts of the county and in this way awaken the people to a sense of their duty:

WARNING TO HUNTERS.

Those persons who are hunting without license, and those who are continuing to hunt squirrels since the 15th of September, and those who are shooting quail, young and old, seem not to know that their actions are being carefully noted by watchers in all parts of the county, and that they will mostly all be indicted at the November term of court and promptly fined not less than \$10 and from that to \$50 for each and every offense.

While I have quiet watchers on the lookout in the county, whose names I have promised not to reveal and shall not reveal, I feel that I ought to warn every one so that he may consider the "mess" he is most likely to get into, and may cease hunting at all until the opening of the game season on the 15th of November, and then procure the proper license duly authorizing him to hunt. Any person who has time to hunt ought to be able to pay one dollar for a hunting license and thus avoid the probability of having to pay a large fine and a lot of costs.

So be wise and take warning. I intend to treat all alike. You must obey the law.

To my watchers I will say, you need not fear having your names revealed. Keep on sending me the names of the offenders just as you have been, and don't forget to send the names of the witnesses in each case so I can have them summoned before the November grand jury. Don't send the names of women or little boys if you can possibly secure the names of men or larger boys. But send the names of some witness, even though it has to be a woman or a boy.

Another point: Don't put your names on the outside of the envelopes any more. Just send your letter in a plain envelope, then no one can know who sends the letters.

Remember, I will see that you get one-half of the fine in each case you report to me when the fine is collected. Just be patient. I will hand it to you quietly whenever collected.

Also, any good citizen, whether he is one of my watchers or not, who furnishes me information that shall result in an indictment and fine, will be paid in secret the half of the fine due the in-

former, when collected; and your names shall be religiously kept secret if you so desire. Remember always to give the names of witnesses. Use plain envelopes.

Thanking those who have helped me so far, I am,

JOHN M. PERRY,
Game & Fish Warden.
Blaze, Ky.

TAX LAWS IN KY.
CAUSES EVASIONPresent Unsatisfactory Laws
Responsible for Small
Returns

Retard Development and Lower Standard of Integrity—Efforts To Secure a Better System of Taxation Has Been Persistent for Fifteen Years.

Frankfort, Ky.—(Special)—The efforts to secure a better system of taxation for Kentucky have been persistent for fifteen years but owing to the ironclad restrictions in the state constitution it is exceedingly difficult to secure any change.

Tax commissions have repeatedly been appointed by authority of the legislatures and these commissions have unanimously condemned the general property tax which was adopted by the last constitutional convention and as the law is unconstitutional it has been impossible for the legislature alone to repeal it.

However, the last general assembly

undertook to amend the constitution as provided by law and this amendment will have to be ratified by the people at the November election and if it fails to carry it cannot be voted on again for another five years.

The effect of the present law is to drive people and money from the state and to prevent other people and money from coming in and building up our industries.

This is how the general property tax is regarded by outsiders as indicated in a report of a commission appointed in another state and it applies in all respects to our present tax system.

"The personal property tax is a farce. It falls inevitably upon the comparatively few who are caught. The burden it imposes upon production is out of all proportion to the revenue it produces.

"Year after year state and local assessing boards have denounced it as impractical in its workings and unjust in its results. These recommendations have for the most part passed unheeded or have led to ineffectual attempts to bolster up the law.

It is time the situation was faced squarely, and the tax in its present form abolished.

"So far as the personal property tax attempts to reach intangible forms of wealth, its administration is so comical as to have become a byword.

"Such a method of collecting revenue would be a serious menace to democratic institutions were it not generally recognized as a howling farce.

"But it is not a farce to those who are fully assessed. These are chiefly the widows and orphans who are caught when their property is listed in the probate court, farmers, retail merchants and others incorporated or unincorporated, with stocks of goods, and the small investors who are not skillful enough to make non-taxable investments."

The state referred to has changed its tax system and already the receipts from taxation have increased enormously and the peculiar effect of it has been to lower the taxes on lands and improvements by securing a greater revenue from personal property which had formerly produced little or no returns.

Kentucky must increase its revenues to keep up its schools and public institutions and it would be manifestly unfair to make the property at present paying taxes sustain this added burden, but under the present law there is no other recourse.

If the amendment carries and the legislature is empowered to classify property so as to bring under the assessor's scrutiny the vast amount of personal property now escaping taxation, the revenues can be increased and taxes on lands and houses diminished and what is more important than all we will be able to develop our resources, maintain our population and attract capital and people who will help to build up the state.

Ohio has recently changed its tax laws and has already been benefited and Tennessee is about to renounce the general property tax. Other states have either long since abolished it or are preparing to do so.

The present system in Kentucky was popular when the country was young and wealth largely confined to real estate which could not be hidden.

Wealth is now largely in personal securities which the assessor can not locate and in consequence this class of property escapes almost entirely.

Can we afford to neglect this great question and yet hope to compete with neighboring states which are less favored than ours naturally but have the advantage of cheap money and low taxes?

If the amendment fails to carry the next census will show that Kentucky has moved down another peg or so in its standing among the states and those at present paying taxes will inevitably have to pay more on the same property while others will escape by hiding their personal property from the assessors.

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Reform in the First

By BRAND WHITLOCK

AUTHOR OF "THE THIRTEENTH DISTRICT," "HER INFINITE VARIETY," "THE HAPPY AVERAGE," "THE TURN OF THE BALANCE," ETC., ETC.

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THE senatorial convention in the First district was to convene at 10 o'clock, and windows so long unshaded that they looked like ground glass. From the chandeliers, sick and sticky with dust, shreds of paper fluttered, relires of some boisterous fete in an Italian society had given there long ago. The floor was damp in a corner wrought by a sprinkling of water, the janitor had sprayed water to lay the dust. Perhaps the water was set in amphitheater, and before the stage, on which a pitcher, flanked by various self-deposits within.

saloon below, at 9 o'clock, of delegates were already shut in the sawdust that covered the holding huge schooners of beer in their hairy fists, gorging grossly at the free lunch table, with bologna, rank onions and rye bread. The team of the beer clung to their mustaches, which, after each sip, they sucked between their lips. Most of them managed, at the same time they were eating and drinking, by a dexterous sleight-of-hand, to smoke cheap domestic cigars, and a cloud of white smoke rolled along the low ceiling. Each new arrival was greeted with some obscene but endearing epithet, and the room rang with laughter and profanity. A keg of beer had been provided by one of Conway's managers, and the bartender, wiping his hands on a dirty towel, was rid, so long as the keg lasted, of the responsibility of keeping account of drinks, and of ringing up the change on the cash register. At 11 o'clock the keg was empty, the free lunch table abandoned to the flies, and the delegates scurried up the dingy stairs to the hall. Half an hour later the chairman of the senatorial district committee pounded the kitchen table with a leg of a broken chair, and shouted:

"The convention will be in order."

This declaration made no impression upon the babel of voices, the laughter, the profanity, the noise of shuffling feet and scraping chairs. Finally the chairman of the committee, growing impatient, split the table with his club and yelled:

"Damn it all, boys, come to order!"

And then, eager to resign such a difficult command, he hastened to an

noise: "The committee has named Honorable John P. Muldoon to act as temporary chairman."

He handed the chair leg to John P. Muldoon, who, stroking back his curly hair from his brow, began to beat the table impartially.

All this while Underwood stood against the wall, looking on. The question that had been agitating him for weeks was about to be decided but now that the ordeal was actually upon him, the consciousness beat numbly against his brain, so that the whole scene lacked reality, almost interest. He was dazed. He was about to take his baptism of political fire, and he trembled like a white novitiate.

Underwood belonged to one of the oldest families of Chicago—the name had been known there before the fire. His father, who had lately taken him into his law firm, continued to cling to his conservatism, to an old stone house in Michigan avenue long after his neighbors had abandoned their mansions to uncertain boarders, and either retreated farther south or advanced to the North Side. John Underwood had come out of Harvard with a young lawyer's ambition in politics, an ambition that had the United States Senate merely as a beginning of its home stretch, and when the year rolled around in which state senators were to be elected in the odd numbered districts he decided that it was time to begin.

The newspapers had scented the sensation that lurked in the candidature of a young man like Underwood in the district like the First, and because he went into what is called society, promptly dubbed him a reformer, and thus weighted he had set out upon his race for the nomination. He liked to see his name in the newspapers, liked to think of himself as a reformer, though he was embarrassed in this attitude by the fascinating figure of the political boss he had hoped to become—a well-dressed, gentlemanly boss, of course, who, while at home in those saloons where he permitted the convivial familiarity of the boys, nevertheless took his luncheons at his club. He fell into a way of speaking of the First as "my district," spoke of it, in fact, as if he, instead of Malachi Nolan and "Cinch" Conway, owned it, and when certain ward politicians in the first days of the campaign called upon him, Underwood was pleased to lend them money, just as he was pleased to comply with the requests of certain others who organized the John W. Underwood First Ward Campaign club, and sent a committee to inform him that they were assembled in the club rooms ready to transact business, and beer only four dollars a keg. He wrinkled confidentially himself in the mirror that night as he gave a final touch to his white cravat and surveyed his fine young form arrayed in evening clothes for the reform banquet at the Palmer house. His speech was The Tendencies of Modern Politics. The newspapers said it was a very brilliant speech, breathing lofty political sentiments that were bound to make John W. Underwood votes. "Also, the Reform club endorsed his candidature.

As Underwood leaned against the

otted down his notes, he elaborated the scheme, just what he would say and do, how he would appear, and so forth. And so, when he entered Malachi Nolan's place in Dearborn street, early that evening, he was fully prepared. The details of this incident came back just as the details of Baldwin's visit had done—the empty saloon, the alderman himself leaning over his bar, his white apron rolled into a big girth about his middle, the cigar in the round hole at the corner of his mouth gone out, denoting that it was time for him to go down the alley to Billy Royle's and get his alehouse and baked potato.

Underwood watched Malachi Nolan mix his Martini cocktail, splash it picturesquely into a sparkling glass and bejewel it with a Maraschino cherry, then gravely take a cigar for himself and stow it away in his ample waistcoat. Then, as Nolan mopped the bar with professional sweep of his white-sleeved, muscular arm, Underwood unfolded his brilliant scheme, skirting

carefully the acute suspicions of an old politician. But Nolan mopped, blinking inscrutably, at last putting the damp cloth away in some mysterious place under the counter. The fat Malachi sat, waiting until the moisture on the bar had evaporated, stretched herself again beside the silver urn that held the crackers and the little cubes of cheese. Still Nolan blinked in silence, like a little girl with its mind made up, until at last, in desperation, Underwood blurted out his position. Nolan blinked some more, then, half opening his blue Irish eyes, grunted:

"Well, I like your gall."

Underwood's spirits fel, yet he was not disappointed. It was, after all, just what he had expected. It served him right for his presumption, if nothing more—though the subdued reformer within had hinted at other reasons. He hung his head, twirling his empty glass disconsolately. He did not see the light that twinkled in the blue eyes, he had not then known how very



ready Nolan was to form any combination that would beat Conway and Baldwin, especially with a reformer like himself who had money to spend on his ambitions. He had not discerned how badly the man whom the newspapers always caricatured with the First ward sticking out of his west pocket needed a reformer in his business, as the saying is. Hence his glad surprise when Nolan wiped his big hand on his apron like a washerwoman and held it out, saying:

"But I'm wit' ye."

Then the campaign under Nolan's management, in the most wonderful legislative district—a cosmopolitan district, bristling with sociological problems, a district that has fewer houses and more saloons, more commerce and more sloth, more millionaires and more paupers, and while it confines within its boundaries the skyscrapers, clubs, theaters and hundred churches of a metropolis, still boasts a police station with more arrests on its blotter than any other in the world. Night after night, with Nolan's two candidates for the house, he spent in saloons where a candidate must treat and distribute his cards that the boys may size him up.

But they were balloting for permanent chairman now. It would be a test vote; it would disclose his own strength and the strength of Conway. He looked over the red faces before him. He saw Conway himself moving among the delegates, snarling, cursing, quarreling with the friends of years; he saw Conway's candidate for the house, McGlone, in the Second ward delegation, his coat off, a handkerchief about his fat neck, a flinching cigar between his chubby fingers, turning on his heavy haunches to reveal some man who was numbered with Nolan's crowd; he saw in the First ward delegation, Malachi Nolan, clean-shaven, in black coat and cravat, his iron gray hair cropped short, calm alone of all the others. He would have looked the proudest man in the saloon, had he smoked his cigar differently. Now and then he solemnly raised his hand, with almost the benediction of a father, to still the clamor of his delegation, which, with its twenty-one votes, was safe at all events for Underwood.

Muldoon was Conway's man—they had to make the temporary organization permanent. D'Ormond was Underwood's candidate. And Muldoon won. Underwood had lost the first round.

The candidates for senator were to be placed in nomination first. Underwood stood in the crowded doorway and heard Conway's name presented. Then, in the cheering, with his heart in his sanded throat, he heard the chairman say:

"Are there any other nominations?"

There was a momentary stillness, and then he heard a thick, strong voice:

"Mister Chairman."

"The gentleman from the First ward."

"Mister Chairman," the thick, strong voice said, "I rise to place in nomination the name of—"

It was the voice of Malachi Nolan, and Underwood suddenly remembered that Nolan was to place his name before the convention. He listened an instant, but could not endure it long. He could not endure that men should see him in the hour when his name was being thus laid naked to the world. Reporters were writing it down, perhaps the crowd would laugh or whistle or hiss. Besides, candidates do not remain in the convention hall; they await the committee of notification in some nearby saloon. He squeezed through the mass of men who stood on tiptoe, stretching their necks to see and hear the old leader of the First ward, and fled.

The first ballot was taken—Conway, 31; Underwood, 30; Simmons, the dark horse, 8; necessary to a choice, 35. The vote was unchanged for twenty-six ballots, till the afternoon had worn away, and the trucks had jolted off the cobblestones of Clark street, till the lights were flaring and hot-tamale men, gamblers, beggars, street walkers, all the denizens of darkness were shifting along the sidewalks, till the policemen had been changed on their beats, and Pinkerton night watchmen were trying the doors of stores, till Chinamen shuffled forth, and Jewesses and Italian women emerged for their evening breath of air, bringing swart and grimy children to play upon the heated flags. The hall was lit, just as if some Italian festival were to be held there. The reporters' places at the table were taken by the men who did politics for the morning papers, themselves reduced at last to the necessity of taking notes. They brought reports of the results in other senatorial conventions held about town that day—it seemed to be assured that John Selley had carried the country towns.

on Leonanne. Underwood looked on breathlessly. Nolan, revolving slowly, held his hat for every vote—last of all for Donahue. The man dropped his folded ballot into the hat and hung his head. Nolan calmly picked the ballot out of the hat and gave it back to Donahue, who looked up in affected surprise:

"What's the trouble, Malachi?" he said as innocently as he could. He was not much of an actor.

"This won't do," Nolan said, giving the ballot back to the man.

"It's all right, Malachi, honest to God it is!" protested Donahue.

"Thin I'll just put this wan in for ye, heh?" said Nolan, drawing another ballot from the pocket of his huge waistcoat and passing it above the hat.

The crowd had pressed around the First ward delegation. The convention had risen to its feet, craning necks, and out of the mass Grogan cried:

"Aw, here, Malachi Nolan, none o' that now!"

Nolan turned his rugged face to ward him and said simply:

"Who's runnin' this dilligation, you or me?"

"Well—none o' your bulldozing—we won't stand it!" replied Grogan angrily, his blue eyes blazing.

"You get to hell out o' this!" And so saying, Nolan dropped the ballot into the hat and turned to face the chair.

"Have you all voted?" inquired Muldoon.

"First ward!" the secretary called.

Nolan squared his shoulders, not having looked in his hat or counted the ballots there, and said slowly and impressively:

"On behalf of the solid dilligation at the First ward, I cast twenty-one votes for John W. Underwood."

"Mister Chairman! Mister Chairman!" cried Grogan, waving his hand in the air, "I challenge that vote! I challenge that vote!"

The gentleman from the Fifth ward challenges the vote—"

"Mister Chairman," said Nolan, standing with one heavy foot on his chair and leveling a forefinger at Muldoon, "a point of order! The gentleman from the Fifth ward has no right to challenge the vote at the First ward—he's not a member of the dilligation!"

"Let the First ward be polled," calmly ruled Muldoon. Nolan took his foot from his chair and stepped to Donahue's side. Every man in the First ward delegation, his name was called from the credentials, cried "Underwood!" As the secretary named the name of Donahue, Nolan laid his hand heavily on the fellow's shoulder.

"Donahue!" called the secretary. The fellow squirmed under Nolan's hand.

"Donahue!"

"Don't let him bluff you!" cried some one from the Fifth ward.

"Vote as you damn please, Jimmie!"

"Trow the boots into 'im, Donnie!"

"Seek him one!"

"Take your hands off him, Bull No-lan!"

So they bawled and Donahue wriggled. But the hand of Nolan, like the hand of Douglas, was his own, and gripped fast. Grogan, his face red, his eyes on fire, leaped from his place in his delegation, and started across the chairs for Nolan. The big "son-of-a-bitch" gave him a look out of his little eye. His left shoulder slipped, his left fist tightened. Grogan halied.

"Vote, Jimmie, me lad," said Nolan, in a soft voice.

"Underwood!" said Donahue. In a whisper. His weak, pinched, humpy face turned appealingly toward Grogan.

We Ride a Hobby!



IT'S THE HOBBY OF GOOD PRINTING.

Try a spin with us.

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(concluded on fourth page)

DID YOU EVER READ YOUR OWN LETTERHEAD?

Look it over. Is it old fashioned and out of date, or does it look "right?"

If it doesn't to you, how does it look to other folks?

Let us get up a nice, bright, business getting letterhead for you.

—

His Biblical Knowledge Slight.
Whatever qualifications the newly-elected judge possessed, Biblical knowledge was not his most conspicuous. An attorney went to his court to plead for a girl who was to be sent

Reform in

The First.

(Concluded from third page)

gan. His clear eyes were dimly with disappointment.

"He votes for John W. Underwood, Mather Chairman," said Nolan complacently. The vote was unchanged. The chairman ordered another ballot.

And then, all at once, as if a breath from a sanded desert had blown into the room, Underwood was sensible of a change in the atmosphere. The air was perhaps no hotter than it had been for hours at the close of that stifling day, no bluer with tobacco smoke, no heavier with the smell borne in from Clark street on hot winds that had started cool and fresh from the lake four blocks away, a smell compounded of many smells, the smell ascending from foul and dark cellars beneath the sidewalk, the smell of stale beer, the ammonia smell of filthy pavements, mingled with the feculence of unclean bodies that had sweated for hours in the visited air of that low-ceilinged, crowded room.

A hush fell. Muldoon, his black, curly locks shining with perspiration, was leaning on his improvised gavel, his keen eye, the Irish eye that so readily seizes such situations, darting into every face before him.

And suddenly came that for which they were waiting. A man entered the hall and strode straight across the floor into the Fifth ward delegation, into the group where the Underwood men were clustered about their leader. He wore evening clothes, his black dinner coat and white shirt bosom striking a vivid note in the scene. He walked briskly, but his mind was so intent upon his pose that it was not until he had removed his cigarette from his lips and had observed Underwood, that his white teeth showed beneath his reddish mustache in the well-known smile of George R. Baldwin. He elbowed his way into the very midst of the Underwood men from the Fifth ward, and leading one of them aside, talked with him an instant, and then returned him, as it were, to his place in the delegation. Then he brought forth another, whispered to him for an earnest moment, and sent him back, with a smile and a slap on the shoulder. The third delegate detained him longer, and once, as he argued with him, the slightest shade of displeasure crossed Baldwin's face, but in an instant the smile replaced it, and he talked—convincingly, it seemed. Before Baldwin returned this man to his delegation, he shook hands with him.

The secretary was calling the wards, and Nolan had announced the result in his delegation. The Fifth ward was a long while in preparing its ballots. There was trouble of some sort there, among the Underwood men. Nolan was urging, expostulating, cursing, commanding. The air was tense. It seemed to Underwood that it must inevitably be shattered by some moral cataclysm in the soul of man. Grogan's brow was knit, as he walked, hat in hand. The delegates voted. Feverishly, with trembling fingers, Grogan opened and counted the bits of paper. Then he sprang to his feet, with a wild, glad light in his face.

"Mister Chairman!" he cried, "the Fifth ward casts twenty-five votes for Conway and four for Underwood!"

The three bolters in the Fifth ward delegation sat with defiance in their faces, but they could not sustain the expression, even by huddling close together. They broke for the door, wriggling their way through masses of men, who made their passage uncertain, almost perilous. A hollow of applause broke from the Conway men, and submerged the convention. Delegates all over the hall were on their feet, clambering for recognition, but Malachi Nolan's voice boomed heavily above all other voices. His fist was in the air above all other fists.

"Mister Chairman!" he yelled, "challenge that vote!"

"Mister Chairman!" yelled Grogan, "a point of order! The gentleman isn't a member of the Fifth ward delegation and can not challenge its vote!"

"The point of order is well taken," promptly ruled the chair. "The gentleman from the First ward is out of order—he will take his seat."

Men were screaming, brandishing fists, waving hats, coats, anything, scraping chairs, pounding the floor with them. There were heavy, brutal oaths, and here and there, the smack of a fist on a face. In the tumult, the five Simmons votes went to Conway. Muldoon was beating the table with his club and crying:

"Order! order! order!"

"To hell with order!" bawled some one from the First ward delegation.

"On this ballot," Muldoon was calling, "there were sixty-nine votes cast; necessary to a choice, thirty-five. James P. Conway has received forty votes; John W. Underwood, twenty-nine, and George W. Simmons"—he paused, as if to decipher the vote—"none. James R. Conway, having received the necessary number of votes, is therefore declared the nominee of this convention."

Underwood was stunned. He staggered through the horrible uproar toward the door. He longed for the air outside, even the heavy air of lower Clark street, where the people surged along under the wild, dazzling lights, in two opposite, ever-passing processions. His head reeled. He lost the sense of things, the voices about him seemed far away and vague, he felt himself detached, as it were, from all that had gone before. But as he pressed his way through the crowd that blocked the entrance, and plunged toward the stairs, he saw Baldwin, mopping the red band on his white brow. Baldwin recognized him, and said, with his everlasting smile:

"Sorry, my boy—next time!"

No matter how hard your head aches, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will help you.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cereals Candy Catarrhic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

BLAZE.

Walter D. Perry, who holds a position as salesman in Pittsburgh, Pa., recently spent a two-week vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Perry.

A little daughter of Mrs. Polly Lewis was scalded to death one day last week. The child, 13 months old, dragged a kettle of boiling water from a table, the contents spilling over her entire body, from the effects of which she died twenty-four hours later. Mrs. Lewis' husband, French Lewis, died a few months ago of typhoid. In this added calamity she has the sincere sympathy of all.

Mrs. Victoria Biggs, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John M. Perry, of this place.

Mrs. John M. Perry, her daughter, Miss Glenn, and her sister, Mrs. Victoria Biggs, have gone to visit relatives at and near Frenchburg.

Died on the 11th inst. Mrs. Evaline Cassidy, wife of Jesse B. Cassidy, of heart failure.

DITONIAN.

INDEX.

Kelly Long of Frenchburg, is visiting relatives at this place.

Amos Holloway has gone to Mt. Sterling this week with a nice bunch of hogs. S. D. Gibbs, of Ashland, was here on business this week.

Herbert Henry, the hustling salesman for E. Henry & Sons, is at Louisville this week buying their fall and winter goods.

Frank Short, who was badly hurt by falling from a tram car, as able to be out again.

James Elam, of Mt. Sterling, accompanied by his nephew, Granville Elam, is visiting his brother, Geo. Elam, at this place.

HUMAN RECIPE



W. MYTHOT.
To a depleted estate, a juggling with fate
In his search for an heiress with gold,
Add clothes quite swell, a title to sell—
And behold this count so bold.

Hen Follage.

A young Boston college woman was following the suburbanite about his place and doing her best to show her full appreciation of the semirural beauty of the establishment. On visiting the henyard she became enraptured. One hen was unusually well marked. "Oh!" the young woman exclaimed, enthusiastically; "what beautiful fowling that hen has!"

Cat Mothered Chicken.

An Atkinson (Me.) man has a cat which distinguished herself, after losing a family of kittens, by curling up in the woodbox and mothering to the best of her ability a small chicken. That she had given it a thorough "washing," the condition of its feathers showed, as well as by the noise it made.

Little Uncertain.

Parson Cunningham came across a tipsy fellow leaning up against a fence one evening, and, stopping, asked him where he expected to go when he died. "Well," replied the drunk, "I can't get along any better than I do now, I shan't go anywhere."

Father's Inconsistency.

Father will splash around in two feet of water and ruin a suit of clothes to save articles in a stranger's house during a 36-cent fire. But if the pan under the ice-box flops over he will go upstairs and wake mother to see if she can come down and mop it up.

Cows Must Wear Earrings.

Cows in Belgium wear earrings. The law requires that when a cow has attained the age of three months it shall have in its ears a ring to which it attached a numbered metal tag for taxation purposes.

Home-Made Enamel Cement.

Take equal parts of soft putty, finely sifted coal ashes and sifted table salt. Mix and pack well into the kettle of your kettle. Place pan over stove with a little water in it until the cement hardens.

And Many Are They Who Do.

To buy books only because they were published by an eminent printer is much as if a man should buy clothing that did not fit him, only because made by some famous tailor.—Pope.

Daily Thought.

Where a man can live he can also live well, but he may not have to live in a palace.—Marcus Aurelius.

Remedy for Stains.

For removing flower pot stains from the window sills, fine wood ashes are excellent.

Collier Interviewed.

A representative of the Courier called on Dr. S. R. Collier this week and asked him what was being done in the suit of the Sewell heirs brought in the Federal court against himself and others to recover certain mineral rights near Cannel City. The Doctor said that his attorneys, Fogg and Nickell, had his answer to the suit about prepared and that the action would probably be set for trial as soon as the answer was filed.

When asked how he felt concerning the outcome of the action, he said that it was a big suit and much valuable territory involved, and that he had been informed that the plaintiffs were boasting that they had \$2,000,000 to spend or win, and that they have a number of the best lawyers in the State. He said that the fight would be to a finish, and that with him and his associates were lined up the solid citizenry of this and adjoining counties and that he had no fears as to the result. That this was the best oil field in the State and he supposed the Sewells would contend for every inch of the territory. The Doctor said that he, his associates and their attorneys had on their fighting clothes and that the Sewells would find that this suit was going to be more than mere child's play.

Local and Personal.

See James M. Elam before buying your sporting goods.

Call on Henry & Hart for latest style and best values in Fall Hats.

I. N. Phipps, of Chancie, Kas., is here looking after his oil business.

Read S. M. R. Hart's card to the voters on the first page of this issue.

James M. Elam can save you money on shotgun shells and ammunition.

Misses Margaret Johnston and Orlean Cott are visiting in Mason county.

Don't fail to read what S. M. R. Hart has to say in this issue of the Courier.

Cole Collier, of Cynthiana, is visiting his brother, Dr. S. R. Collier this week.

Miss Amelia Seitz, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is visiting the family of her brother, W. J. Seitz.

Before buying a winter coat see the lag gins that Henry & Hart are offering. All sizes and bold.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Caskey and Mrs. Ida Elam and children of Clark county, are visiting relatives in this county.

Ed Arnold, the popular show drummer, of Prestonsburg, was here last week in the interest of his firm, Peters Shoe Co.

Call on James M. Elam for rifles, shot guns, ammunition, Hunting coats, hats and shoes; and in fact, everything for the hunter and sportsman.

Mesdames J. W. Caskey and J. G. Elam and Miss Alice and Master Thomas Elam, of near Winchester, Mrs. Kelly Carter, city, Mrs. W. P. Davis and little daughter, Miss Bunnice, of near town, paid the Courier a pleasant visit Wednesday afternoon

FOR SALE

I have for sale 175 bales of fine mixed timothy and red top hay.

S. W. CECHI.

West Liberty, Ky.

Chamberlain's Tough Remedy

Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Neuralgia causes great suffering. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills give great relief.

A Confidential Letter.

Index, Ky. Sept. 22, 1913.

To the Public:

We again have the pleasure of taking the public into our confidence. This has been a good year for us. It has been so good we felt it was due our friends over the county, that we spend a few dollars in telling them so, and trying in some small measure to show our appreciation. We do thank each and everyone for their patronage, recommendation to friends, and more than a little for their confidence. Because we recognize that the biggest asset any business man may have is the confidence of the public.

While we have been busily engaged either in the store or on the yard, yet we have learned a few things thoroughly worth while. We saw at once that ONE of the wrong customs of merchandising, hurtful alike to merchant and customer, was long-time payments. A custom harmful to the merchant because it keeps his capital at arms-length where it has the least power; injurious to the customer because it results in higher prices, and quite often, after a good customer has allowed his account to gain large proportions, he must sell some piece of property at a

loss.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved personal security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a rep'evin bond, bearing legal interest from day of sale according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply with these terms. A lien will be retained on the land sold until all the purchase money is paid. Bond payable to S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner.

SECOND TRACT.

Lying and being in Morgan county, Kentucky, on Baldwin creek, a tributary of Raccoon creek, and beginning on a white oak bush at the Joseph Hackney corner; thence with Hackney's line to a map's corner; thence with his line to John Craft's line; thence with his line to J. W. Smith's line; thence with his line to Dennis' line; thence with Dennis' line to the beginning.

THIRD TRACT.

Lying and being in Morgan county, Kentucky, on Blackwater creek and beginning on a dogwood on top of the hill; thence with Dan Craft's line to J. W. Craft's line; thence with Dan Craft's line to Robert Dennis' line; thence with Robert Dennis' line to the beginning, or a sufficient distance to produce the sum of \$8628.50 so ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved personal security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a rep'evin bond, bearing legal interest from day of sale according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply with these terms. A lien will be retained on the land sold until all the purchase money is paid. Bond payable to S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner.

FOURTH TRACT.

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SIXTH TRACT.

Lying and being in Morgan county, Kentucky, on Blackwater creek and beginning on a dogwood on top of the hill; thence with Dan Craft's line to J. W. Craft's line; thence with Dan Craft's line to Robert Dennis' line; thence with Robert Dennis' line to the beginning, or a sufficient distance to produce the sum of \$8628.50 so ordered to be made.

SEVENTH TRACT.

Lying and being in Morgan county, Kentucky, on Blackwater creek and beginning on a dogwood on top of the hill; thence with Dan Craft's line to J. W. Craft's line; thence with Dan Craft's line to Robert Dennis' line; thence with Robert Dennis' line to the beginning, or a sufficient distance to produce the sum of \$8628.50 so ordered to be made.

EIGHTH TRACT.

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NINTH TRACT.

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TENTH TRACT.

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